fathers tenant this foreſcore---

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw; full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities; ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'e ſay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whoſe there?

Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom.*

Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay this is the worſt.

Old man. Fellow where goeſt?

Gloſt. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

Gloſt. A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg;
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others; bleſſe thee maiſter.

Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue;
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who I le intreate to leade me.

Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, w
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe t
Aboue the reſt, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the be
Come on't what will.

Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I ca

Gloſt. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes,

Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way t

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, hor
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard ou
Bleſſe the good man from the fo
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididen*
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of mu
Mobing, & *Mobing* who ſince
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe

Gloſt. Here take this purſe, th
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, th
The happier, heauens deale ſo
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-di
That ſtands your ordinance, th
Becauſe he does not feele, feele
So diſtribution ſhould vnder e
And each man haue enough, d

Edg. I maſter.

Gloſt. There is a cliffe who
Lookes firmely in the confine
Bring me but to the very brim
And ile repaire the miſery thou
With ſomething rich about me
From that place I ſhal no lead

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poo

Enter Gonoril

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I m
Not met vs on the way, now w

Ente

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